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# CEREMONIES

. . . . OF A . . . .

Lodge of Sorrow,

. . . HELD IN . . .

Commemoration of the Dead,

. . . UNDER THE AUSPICES OF . . .

Gourgas Lodge of Perfection, 14°,

IN THE PRECEPTORY OF THE RITE,

FREEMASONS' HALL,

PITTSBURGH,

. . ON THE EVENING OF . .

St. John the Evangelist's Day,

Tuesday, December 27, 1892.

The Officers of the Lodge of Sorrow were:

Ills. Bro.: JAMES KERR, Jr., 33°.: Master.

“ ARTHUR B. WIGLEY, 32°.: Senior Warden.

“ ALFRED S. BISHOP, 32°.: Junior Warden.

“ Rev. JOHN N. MacGONNIGLE, 32°.: Chaplain.

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### **Masters of Ceremonies.**

Ills. Bro.: HENRY H. ARNOLD, 32°.:

“ ALLAN C. KERR, 32°.:

“ AMERICUS V. HOLMES, 33°.:

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There were present Ills. Brothers James I. Buchanan, 33°, George W. Guthrie, 33°, Charles C. Baer, 33°, Jos. Eichbaum, 33°, George P. Balmain, 33°, William H. Slack, 33°, and some three hundred members and visiting Master Masons.

The Officers of Gourgass Lodge of Perfection, preceded by Honorary Members of the Supreme Council and Officers of the Superior Bodies, marched into the Preceptory at seven o'clock and thirty minutes.

Previous to the commencement of the ceremonies proper, the Master recited the following poem, written by Ills. Brother Albert Pike, 33°, deceased, late Sovr. Gr. Commander of the Supreme Council of Southern Jurisdiction:—

### EVERY YEAR.

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BY ALBERT PIKE.

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Life is a count of losses,  
Every year ;  
For the weak are heavier crosses,  
Every year ;  
Lost Springs with sobs replying  
Unto weary Autumns' sighing,  
While those we love are dying,  
Every year.

The days have less of gladness,  
Every year ;  
The nights more weight of sadness,  
Every year ;  
Fair Springs no longer charm us,  
The winds and weather harm us,  
The threats of death alarm us,  
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,  
Every year ;  
Dark days and darker morrows,  
Every year ;  
The ghost of dead loves haunt us,  
The ghost of changed friends taunt us,  
And disappointments daunt us,  
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,  
Every year;  
As the loved leave vacant places,  
Every year;  
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,  
In the evening's dusk they greet us,  
And to come to them entreat us,  
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,  
"Every year;  
"You are more alone;" they tell us,  
"Every year;  
"You can win no new affection,  
"You have only recollection,  
"Deeper sorrow and dejection,  
"Every year."

Too true! Life's shores are shifting,  
Every year;  
And we are seaward drifting,  
Every year;  
Old places, changing, fret us,  
The living more forget us,  
There are fewer to regret us,  
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,  
Every year;  
And its morning-star climbs higher,  
Every year;  
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,  
And the heavy burden lighter,  
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,  
Every year

## CEREMONIES.

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### MUSIC.—ORGAN.

The Master then called up the Lodge, and said :

*Master.* Brother Senior Warden: For what purpose are we assembled?

*Senior Warden.* To honor the memory of those brethren whom death hath taken from us; contemplate our own approaching dissolution, and, by the remembrance of immortality, to raise our souls above the considerations of this transitory existence.

*Master.* Brother Junior Warden: What sentiments should inspire the souls of Masons on occasions like the present?

*Junior Warden.* Calm sorrow for the absence of our brethren who have gone beyond us; earnest solicitude for our own eternal welfare, and a firm faith and reliance upon the wisdom and goodness of the Great Architect of the Universe.

*Master.* Brethren: Commending these sentiments to your earnest consideration, and invoking your assistance in the solemn ceremonies about to take place, I declare this Lodge of Sorrow opened.

### PRAYER.

*Chaplain.* Let us worship the Lord of Spirits; for all live unto Him.

O Almighty and Eternal God! There is no number of Thy days or of Thy mercies. Thou hast sent us into this world to serve Thee, but we wander far from Thee in the path of error. Our life is but a span in length, and yet tedious, because of the calamities that enclose us on every side. The days of our pilgrimage are few and evil; our bodies frail; our passions violent and distempered; our understanding weak, and our wills perverse.

Look Thou upon us, our Father, in mercy and pity. We adore Thy Majesty, and trust like little children to Thine infinite mercies. Give us patience to live well, and firmness to resist evil. Give us, O Merciful Father, faith and confidence in Thee, and enable us to live, that when we come to die, we may lie down in the grave like one who composes himself to sleep ; and that we may be worthy, hereafter, to be remembered in the memories of man. Amen.

#### VOCAL MUSIC.

*“The Departed.”*

*Master.* Brethren : In the midst of life we are in death, and the wisest cannot know what a day may bring forth. We live but to see those we love passing away into the silent land.

Behold this emblem of mortality, once the abode of a spirit like our own ; beneath this mouldering canopy, once shown the bright and busy eye : within this hollow cavern, once played the ready, swift and tuneful tongue ; and now, sightless and mute, it is eloquent only in the lessons it teaches us.

Think of those brethren who, but a few days since, were among us in all the pride and power of life ; bring to your minds the remembrance of their wisdom, their strength, and their beauty ; and then reflect that “to this complexion have they come at last ;” think of yourselves, thus will you be, when the lamp of your brief existence has burned out. Think how soon death, for you, will be a reality. Man’s life is like a flower, which blooms to-day, and to-morrow is faded, cast aside, and trodden under foot. The most of us, my brethren, are fast approaching, or have already passed the meridian of life ; our sun is setting in the West, and, oh ! how much more swift is the passage of our declining years than when we started upon the journey, and believed—as the young are apt to believe—that the roseate hues of the rising sun of our existence were always to be continued. When we look back upon the happy days of childhood, when the dawning intellect first began to exercise its powers of thought, it seems as but yesterday, and that, by a simple effort of the will, we could put aside our manhood, and seek again the loving caresses of a mother, or be happy in the possession of a bauble ; and could we now realize the idea that our last hour had come, our whole earthly life

would seem but as the space of time from yesterday until to-day. Centuries upon centuries have rolled away behind us ; before us stretches out an eternity of years to come ; and on the narrow boundary between the past and the present, flickers the puny taper we term our life. When we came into the world, we knew naught of what had been before us ; but, as we grew up to manhood, we learned of the past ; we saw the flowers bloom as they had bloomed for centuries ; we beheld the orbs of day and night pursuing their endless course among the stars, as they had pursued it from the birth of light ; we learned what men had thought, and said, and done, from the beginning of the world to our day ; but only through the eye of faith can we behold what is to come hereafter, and only through a firm reliance upon the Divine promises can we satisfy the yearning of an immortal soul. The cradle speaks to us of remembrance—the coffin of hope, of a blessed trust in a never-ending existence beyond the gloomy portals of the tomb.

Let these reflections convince us how vain are all the wranglings and bitterness engendered by the collisions of the world ; how little in dignity above the puny wranglings of ants over a morsel of food, or for the possession of a square inch of soil.

*Senior Warden.* Man that is born of a woman is of a few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down ; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with Thee ; Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass ; turn from him, that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as an hireling, his day. For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet, through the scent of water, it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away ; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down, and riseth not ; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart. If I wait, the grave is mine house ; I have made my bed in the darkness. I have said to corruption, Thou art my father. And where is now my hope ? As for my hope,

who shall see it? They shall go down to the bars of the pit, when our rest together is in the dust.

*Junior Warden.* For thou hadst cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas, and the floods compassed me about; all Thy billows and Thy waves passed over me. Then I said, I am cast out of Thy sight; yet will I look again toward Thy holy temple. The waters compassed me about, even to the soul; the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head. Lo, He goeth by me, and I see Him not; He passeth on also, but I perceive him not. Behold, He taketh away, who can hinder Him.

I said, in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave; I am deprived of the residue of my years; I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living; I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world. Behold, for peace I had great bitterness, but Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption. For the grave cannot praise Thee, death cannot celebrate Thee; the living, the living, he shall praise Thee as I do this day.

Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little, before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness, and the shadow of death; a land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.

QUARTETTE.—“*Sleep thy last Sleep.*”

*Chaplain.* OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN, it hath pleased Thee to take from among us those who were our brethren. Let time, as it heals the wounds thus inflicted upon our hearts, and on the hearts of those who were near and dear to them, not erase the salutary lessons engraved there, but let those lessons, always continue distinct and legible, make us and them wiser and better. And whatever distress or trouble may hereafter come upon us, may we ever be consoled by the reflection that Thy wisdom and Thy love are equally infinite, and that our sorrows are not the visitations of Thy wrath, but the result of the great law of harmony, by which everything is being conducted to a good and perfect issue in the fullness of Thy time. Let the loss of our

brethren increase our affection for those who are yet spared to us, and make us more punctual in the performance of the duties that Friendship, Love and Honor demand. When it comes to us also to die, may a firm and abiding trust in Thy mercy dispel the gloom and dread of dissolution. Be with us now, and sanctify the solemnities of this occasion to our hearts, that we may serve Thee in spirit and understanding. And to Thy name shall be ascribed the praise forever. AMEN.

*Response.* So mote it be.

*Master.* Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they shall comfort me.

And they shall look unto the earth, and behold trouble and darkness, dimness of anguish; and they shall be driven to darkness.

As the sands in the glass soon measure the period of an hour, so do the moments of our being soon wing away the season of life. That which is always short, is growing constantly shorter, till the wave of time is swallowed by the billows of eternity.

#### INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—ORGAN.

During which, the MASTER OF CEREMONIES EXTINGUISHED THE LIGHT IN THE SOUTH, emblematic of DARKNESS.

*Senior Warden.* For who knoweth what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life, which he spendeth as a shadow? For who can tell a man what shall be after him under the sun?

The living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything; neither have they any more a reward, for the memory of them is forgotten; also their love, and their hatred, and their envy is now perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in anything under the sun.

As the husbandman mows his meadow in due season, so death, the leveller of human greatness, sweeps us away at the appointed time.

#### INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—ORGAN.

During which, the MASTER OF CEREMONIES EXTINGUISHED THE LIGHT IN THE WEST, emblematic of DECAY.

*Junior Warden.* Oh that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, that thou wouldst keep me secret until thy wrath be past, that thou wouldst appoint me a set time and remembrance.

If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.

His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not; and they are brought low, but He perceiveth it not of them.

Though the frosts of death may palsy the mortal tenement of the soul, shrouding it in the coffin, and withering it in the grave, the soul itself remains unaffected, flourishing in immortal vigor. Thus, when the good man dies, he has only given the appropriate watch word to the grim Tyler of eternity, and has passed on to serve a better master.

#### INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—ORGAN.

During which, the MASTER OF CEREMONIES EXTINGUISHED THE LIGHT IN THE EAST, emblematic of DISSOLUTION.

CHANT.—“*As for man, his days are as grass.*”

*Master.* Brother Orator, let Masonry, through thy lips, speak to us of our brethren, who have gone away from us, to be seen among us in this world no more forever. Tell us the story of their lives, and recount their virtues and their good deeds, that we may remember and imitate them, but let their faults and errors be forgiven and forgotten, for to say that they had them is but to say that they were human.

# Eulogy

BY

ILLS.:BRO.:JAMES W. BROWN, 32.:°

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“The air is full of farewells to the dying and mourning for the dead.”

So, at this glad season of the year, we meet in gloom and sadness, putting aside the joyful gladness of the Christmas season. With the peal of the Christmas bells ringing across the snow their glad tidings of peace on earth and good will toward men; with the story of the life that has come to us and the promise of the life to come, we turn our thoughts to death, to man's certain end on this earth, which comes at all times.

“Leaves have their time to fall  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set, but all,—  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.”

Three years ago, upon this anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, we met as a Lodge of Sorrow, to the memory of our brethren who had departed from our midst upon their last journey into the regions of immortality. Upon the black background of our gallery walls, draped in their memories, their revered names were emblazoned to recall their personalities to our more vivid remembrance. Hallowed names, stricken from the living roster to be enrolled among the honored dead.

We mourned illustrious Freemasons on that sad day, and it needs no word of mine, no emblazoned names upon our darkened walls, to recall them and their works to us this night.

We have added many names to the membership of this grand body during the past three years, while it has pursued its majestic course of work and teachings, names selected from the very flower of Freemasonry, from the best men of our community; but we do not all meet to-night, for the grim reaper, that spares neither the grain nor the flower, has gathered from our midst twenty-eight of our brethren, and we meet to-night to mourn their loss. Some

were taken in the full flush of youthful manhood, bright with life's hopes and promises; some in the perfection of maturity; more rudely taken from their cares and responsibilities, leaving their unfinished work for other hands. Some in their old age, when their life's journey through, their work performed, their duty done, they obeyed the summons,

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

We mourn them all as brethren and companions, and drape our rooms in black and sit in darkness, that blackness and darkness that is emblematical of the boundaries of this life, into whose gloom and shadow our brethren have vanished from our sight.

It would be impossible for me to dwell at length on all the names in this long list.

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I have known many personally, and some were known to me in boyhood, and some were schoolmates. I cannot but briefly refer to some.

Alexander McC. Pollock deserves more than passing reference. For many years a most devoted and industrious worker in the Masonic bodies of this community and jurisdiction; a Past presiding officer of all bodies of Scottish Rite Masonry in Pittsburgh; for many years the D. D. G. M. for this vicinity, and Secretary of the Trustees of Masonic Fund Society: he occupied a most prominent position in the Brotherhood; he left a most worthy name and earned an honored distinction in the Masonic history of Pennsylvania; he was no less respected as a citizen and honored as a physician.

Benjamin Darlington: who among us will soon forget him, whose loyalty and zeal toward this body was most marked for many years; a prominent citizen, he left a memory as a soldier as well as a Freemason.

Thomas Sargeant was the first Grand Secretary of Gourgas Lodge of Perfection.

As round our darkened walls, three years ago, I saw the names of our departed friends, then came to me the thought, that through the darkness of the unknown life there are coming other names to fill the places they then occupied, back in the gloom all

the names of this assemblage are surely coming to the light, all surely coming to mark the passage of its owner from the light of this life into the outer blackness. Some may be ready soon to burst upon us with vivid brightness, and some back in its wide folds may be hid from sight for many years, but who knows which may be the first, and it would be an empty ceremony for us to meet, as we do to-night, without heeding the lesson which the occasion teaches: to put our house in order, to emulate the virtues of those we mourn, to be ready to follow when our turn comes.

Would we bring them back to us, back to strife, back to envy, the jealousies, the sorrow of this life, for they had their share, no doubt, of all. Some among them may have created envy, or jealousies in the breasts of some of us; how small it seems to us, now that they are dead, but when they lived did we think so? How charitably we look upon their failings, how much we magnify their virtues; had we done so when they lived, how much brighter had been their lives, how much happier our memories. No, we would not call them back, for they are free—free from all the restraints we feel, free from all the sin and sorrow, free from all the care and anxiety of this world, free in the light that shines beyond the darkness, free in the light that gives eternal life, free in the light that knows only peace and rest, free among the G. E. P. and S.

We bid our friends farewell! They have done their part, and if they achieved not greatness in the world, they have all, we hope, been true to themselves, their brethren and their God.

“Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends,  
Hath he not always Masons, always friends?  
The great Good Man—then treasures love and light,  
And calm thoughts regular as infant’s breath,  
And these friends, more sure than day and night,  
Himself, his Maker and the angel Death.”

*Master.* To most men the end of life is anticipated with horror, insomuch that thousands of mankind would relinquish the opportunity of gaining an inheritance "incorruptible," in a "better country, even a heavenly," if this life could be immortal. Not so with the truly good man. He anticipated with pleasure a season of rest and relief from mortal labors, and the grosser implements of sublunary arts shall be suspended in the desolated halls of mortality, that the harp of angels may employ his hands forever. Then will there be "no more occasion for Level or Plumb-line, for Trowel or Gavel, for Compass or Square." On the perfect level of eternity, neither weakness nor envy will jeopardize the good man's bright career; nor will he need an emblem of rectitude, while the example of sister spirits is ever before him. The cement of heavenly life will be spread by the hand of Deity, and no imperfection will require the force of art to remove it. Infinitely broad will be the circle of duty, and no brother will be disposed to overleap its boundaries, for it will be kept in the angle of perfection, by Him "who is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

*Senior Warden.* My Brethren, in a little while, as it has happened to our Brothers, to whose memory we now do honor, so it will happen to each of us; and we, like them, shall be gathered unto our fathers. In the grave, all men are equal; the Prince, and the Beggar that shivered at his palace gates; the Warlike, and the Peaceful; the Fortunate, and the Miserable; the Beloved, and the Depised; the Honored and the Execrated. There they mingle their dust; and the bodies dissolving, the particles jostle each other as they enter into new combinations with the elements.

What shall survive us—our works, our words, our immortal thoughts, are of infinitely more importance to the world than we ourselves are. Let selfishness learn this lesson, and the selfish labor to leave something that shall live beyond their funerals.

Let the proud, and vain, consider how soon the gaps are filled in society, that are made by those who die around them; and how soon Time heals the wounds that Death inflicts upon the loving heart; and from this, let them learn humility, and that they are but drops in the great river of Humanity, which itself

is one. And when God sends his angel to us, with the scroll of Death, let us look upon it as an act of mercy, to prevent many sins, and many calamities of a longer life; and lay our heads down softly, and go to sleep, without wrangling, like froward children. For this, at least, man gets by death, that his calamities are not immortal.

(THE CONG STRIKES LOW XII.)

—o—

MUSIC.

A procession was now formed, which moved once around the catafalque.

DIRGE.—“*Peace to the Memory of the Dead.*”

On arriving in the East, the procession halted, and opened to the right and left. The Junior Warden then advanced to the catafalque, and placed upon it a bunch of white flowers, and said:

*Junior Warden.* In memory of our departed brethren, I deposit these white flowers, emblematical of that pure life to which they have been called, and reminding us that these children of an hour will droop and fade away, so, too, we will soon follow those who have gone before us, and inciting us to fill the brief span of our existence, that we may leave to our successors a sweet savor of remembrance.

The Junior Warden now returned to his place, and an interval of profound silence was observed.

The procession was again formed, and moved as before, to the sound of slow music. DIRGE.—“*Peace to the Memory of the Dead.*”

They opened as before, and the Senior Warden approaching the catafalque, placed upon it a wreath of white flowers, and said:

*Senior Warden.* As the sun sets in the West, to close the day and herald the approach of night, so, one by one, we lay us down in the darkness of the tomb, to wait, in its calm repose, for the time when the heavens shall pass away as a scroll, and man, standing in the presence of the Infinite, shall realize the true end of his pilgrimage here below. Let these flowers be to us the symbol of remembrance of all the virtues of our brethren who have preceded us to the silent land, the token of that fraternal alliance which binds us while on earth, and which we hope will finally unite us in heaven.

The Senior Warden returned to his place, and an interval of silence was observed.

The procession was again formed, and moved around the catafalque to solemn music. DIRGE.—“*Peace to the Memory of the Dead.*”

Arrived in the East, the Master advanced and placed upon the tomb a wreath of evergreen, and said :

*Master.* It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death cometh the resurrection. The dust shall return to the earth, and the spirit unto God who gave it. In the grave, all men are equal; the good deeds, the lofty thoughts, the heroic sacrifices alone survive, and bear fruit in the lives of those who strive to emulate them.

While, therefore, nature will have its way, and our tears will fall upon the graves of our brethren, let us be reminded by the evergreen symbol of our faith in immortal life, that the dead are but sleeping, and be comforted by the reflection that their memories will not be forgotten; that they will still be loved by those who are soon to follow them; that in our archives their names are written, and that in our hearts there is still a place for them. And so, trusting in the infinite love and tender mercy of Him, without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls, let us prepare to meet them where there is no parting, and where with them we shall enjoy eternal rest.

The Master returned to his station.

QUARTETTE.—“*Farewell.*”

*Junior Warden.* All death is new life! But some man will say: How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain; it may chance of wheat or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.

All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

Now Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

#### VOCAL MUSIC.

“As distant lands beyond the sea,  
When friends go thence, draw nigh,  
So heaven, when friends have thither gone,  
Draws nearer from the sky.”

During which, the LIGHT IN THE SOUTH WAS RE-LIT BY THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES, emblematic of FAITH.

*Senior Warden.* There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown in a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have born the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Thy Brother shall live again. The seed that is sown is not quickened, except it die; and that which is sown in corruption and dishonor, shall be raised in glory. The body of our Brother, which now the grave enfolds, is not he, but only the house in which he dwelt until God laid His finger on him as he slept. He was mortal, but he has now put on immortality. He is not dead, but liveth.

The hope of the righteous shall be gladness, but the expectation of the wicked shall perish; the wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous has hope in his death.

VOCAL MUSIC.

“And as these lands the dearer grow,  
When friends are long away,  
So heaven itself, through loved ones dead,  
Grows dearer day by day.”

During which, the LIGHT IN THE WEST WAS RE-LIT BY THE MASTER  
OF CEREMONIES, emblematic of HOPE.

*Master.* Behold! I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep; but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in Victory. O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?

VOCAL MUSIC.

“Heaven is not far from those who see  
With the pure spirit's sight,  
But near, and in the very hearts  
Of those who see aright.”

During which, the LIGHT IN THE EAST WAS RE-LIT BY THE MASTER  
OF CEREMONIES, emblematic of RESURRECTION.

*Chaplain.* The will of God is accomplished. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

VOCAL MUSIC.

SOLO.—“*Beyond the Stream of Time.*”

—o—

*Master.* Brother Senior Warden, our recollection of our departed friends has been refreshed, and we may now ask ourselves, were they just and perfect Masons, worthy men, unwearied toilers, in the vineyard, and possessed of so many virtues as to overcome their faults and shortcomings? Answer these questions, as Masons should answer.

*Senior Warden.* Man judgeth not of man. He whose infinite and tender mercy passeth all comprehension, whose goodness endureth forever, has called our brethren hence. Let Him judge.

In Egypt, among our old Masters, where Masonry was more cultivated than vanity, no one could gain admittance to the sacred asylum of the tomb, until he had passed under the most solemn judgment. A grave tribunal sat in judgment upon all, even the Kings. They said to the dead: "Whoever thou art, give account to thy country of thine actions! What hast thou done with thy time and life? The law interrogates thee; thy country hears thee; Truth sits in judgment on thee." Princes came there to be judged, escorted only by their virtues and their vices. A public accuser recounted the history of the dead man's life, and threw the blaze of the torch of truth on all his actions. If it were adjudged that he had led an evil life, his memory was condemned in the presence of the nation, and his body was denied the honors of sepulture.

But Masonry has no such tribunal to sit in judgment upon her dead; with her, the good that her sons have done lives after them, and the evil is interred with their bones. She does require, however, that whatever is said concerning them shall be the truth; and should it ever happen that a Mason dies, of whom nothing good can be truthfully said, she will mournfully and pityingly bury him out of her sight in silence.

*Master.* Brethren, let us profit by the admonitions of this solemn occasion, lay to heart the truths to which we have listened, and resolve to walk that when we lay us down to the last sleep, it may be the privilege of the brethren to strew white flowers upon our graves, and keep our memories as a pleasant remembrance.

Brother Senior Warden, announce to the brethren that our labors are now concluded, and that it is my pleasure that this Lodge of Sorrow be closed.

*Senior Warden.* Brother Junior Warden, the labors of this Lodge of Sorrow being ended, it is the pleasure of the Master that it be now closed. Make due announcement to the brethren, and invite them to assist.

*Junior Warden.* (Calling up the Lodge.) Brethren, the labors of this Lodge of Sorrow being ended, it is the pleasure of the Master that it be now closed.

*Master.* Let us unite with our Chaplain in an invocation to the Throne of Grace.

PRAYER.

*Master.* This Lodge of Sorrow is now closed.



JOHN EDGAR HAINES, 32°,  
*Grand Secretary.*

## In Memoriam.

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JAMES BLACKMORE,  
EDEN AUGUSTIN BALDWIN,  
DANA CONVERSE BACKUS,  
SILAS NELSON BENHAM,  
JESSE M. BOWELL,  
JOHN WESLEY BABCOCK,  
HENRY HERBERT BYRAM.

SAMUEL B. COOPER,  
CHARLES ALEXANDER COLTON,  
JOHN CHISLETT, JR.  
RICHARD CURRIE,  
WILLIAM CAHOON,  
ALBERT JOHNSTON CROSSLAND,  
JUDSON GILBERT CRANE,  
JOHN QUINCY CROUCH.

THOMAS DAVAGE,  
THOMPSON H. DOUGLASS,  
JAMES E. BREADING DALZELL,  
BENJAMIN DARLINGTON,  
ANTHONY BULLOCK DAVIS,  
THOMAS HENRY DE SILVER,  
JOHN HENRY DEVORE,  
JOHN HENRY DIBERT,  
ALBERT HENRY DANIELS.

JOHN EVANS,  
ROBERT JUDSON ESTEP.

ANDREW FULTON,  
WILLIAM ADOLPHUS FRANK,  
GEORGE LOUIS FRIDAY.

GEORGE GLASS,  
JOHN HANSON GROUARD,  
ABRAM GROSS,  
WILLARD MELVILLE GIBBS.

JAMES S. HOON,  
BURROUGHS R. HARBOURS,  
SAMUEL HARPER,  
GEORGE WASHINGTON HASLETT,  
JOSEPH SIMPSON HAYMAKER,  
GEORGE SWIFT HAINES,  
HOWARD HARTLEY,  
JAMES HUGHES,  
LABAN SHIP HOOPER.

PHILIP ITTEL, JR.

NORVAL ALANTHUS KENNEDY,  
WILLIAM HENRY KLINGENSMITH,  
WILLIAM WILSON LOGAN,  
JAMES LEEPER,  
GEORGE EDWARD LAWTON,  
GEORGE WASHINGTON LUTES.

WILSON MCCANDLESS,  
WM. WALLACE CLAYTON MEREDITH,

JOHN HENRY MULLEN,  
JAMES MORRISON,  
JAMES MILLIKEN,  
MILTON LANDIS MYERS,  
GEORGE VANCE MAUS,  
JAMES MORGAN,  
JOHN BURNS MATTHEWS.

ROBERT JOHNSTON NICHOLSON,  
ALEXANDER PLUMER NEWLON,  
CHARLES NORTH,  
ALEXANDER KENNEDY NIMICK.

ALEX. McCANDLESS POLLOCK,  
WILLIAM PHILLIPS,  
CHARLES F. PORTER,  
WILLIAM FRANK PEAK,  
JOHN PARRY,  
ROBERT PATTEN.

CHARLES W. RICKETSON,  
RICHARD BIDDLE ROBERTS,  
JOHN RUSH,  
EDWARD AUGUSTUS ROSSITER,  
WILLIAM RICHARDSON, JR.,  
JAMES COLE RAFFERTY,  
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN RUFF,  
ALEXANDER WILLIAM ROOK,  
ISAAC REINEMAN,

GETER CROSBY SHIDLE,  
JOHN HENDERSON STEWART,  
JAMES AVERY SHOLES,  
JAMES MILTON SCHOYER,  
JOSEPH HENRY SIMONDS,  
ALBERT NELSON SUTTON,  
EPHRAIM FRANK STONER,  
HARRY FULTON STERLING,  
JOHN SHELDEN STEVENSON,  
SOLON HOWARD SPRAGUE,  
THOMAS SARGENT,  
EDWARD SLINEY,  
WILLIAM HOUSTON STEWART.

GEORGE ULRICH.

JAMES KERR VERNER.

ISAAC WHITTIER,  
CHARLES AUGUSTUS WOOD,  
THOMAS TAYLOR WIGHTMAN,  
JOHN WALKINSHAW,  
SAMUEL JACOB WAINWRIGHT,  
BENJAMIN LAISDELL WOOD, JR.,  
JAMES CRAIG WILSON.





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**Ancient Accepted**   
 **Scottish Rite**  
**OF FREEMASONRY.**

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• • VALLEY • •  
OF PITTSBURGH.

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— N. M. J. U. S. A. —



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A.:A.:S.:R.:

Valley of Pittsburgh,

N. M. J. U. S. A.

